

# VOICES OF PEACE



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# VOICES of PEACE

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VOLUME VII

MARCH, 1939

NUMBER 2

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## SUNSET

The sun is setting in a burst of flame,  
Within a pit of blinding, scarlet light—  
And from it leaps a war-cry sung in light;  
While all around the clouds are swirls of flame,  
Are brilliant banners flung across the sky  
Like those that lifted to the Viking's song.  
And here and there among them march along  
The scarlet flames that soon begin to die.

Now swiftly all the sunset flags are furled,  
And what before was flame, and roll of drums,  
And martial hymns in color, now becomes  
A twilight calm that gently shrouds the world.  
And in my soul I feel the turmoil cease,  
As through the silence steals a timeless peace.

BETSY PEERY, '40

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## MOTHER CHAMBEAU'S EVENING

As the sun sank behind the bleak city walls, Mother Chambeau began replacing her wares in the small cart which had accompanied her for many years to the market place in the town square. She pulled her patched shawl closer about her stooped shoulders, for the little warmth that the sun had afforded her on this cold January day was gone. She fastened to the cart poor old Jeanne, the goat that furnished both her livelihood and transportation, and bidding her neighbors adieu with a toothless smile, she hobbled across the cobblestone court and down a winding street that led to the city gate.

In the narrow street lined with stone buildings, the smell of the city waste deposited in the gutter was more rank and repulsive than in the open court. The rutted dirt road, usually ankle deep in mire, was frozen hard. Several dirty urchins were playing about in the street and one of them threw a stone at Mother Chambeau as she passed by. She shook her stick at them, but they only laughed and shouted taunts at her departing back. A woman came to one of the doors and threw some rubbish into the street. As she opened the door the sound of voices and the odor of leeks and mutton stew escaped. Mother Chambeau sniffed hungrily and quickened her steps.

Out in the open country, past the sheltering walls, the bitter wind swept about her broken form. The frozen ground crunched under her heavy feet. The cart jogged along and at last stopped before a small stone hut crouched under a gnarled oak. Unfastening Jeanne she opened the creaking door and the two entered the hovel. The goat bolted to her stall in one corner of the room and bleated loudly. From the rafters overhead the old woman pulled down some hay and Jeanne began munching contentedly upon her evening meal.

Mother Chambeau went out again and presently returned with a bundle of faggots. After shaking the ashes away from the hot coals she carefully laid the wood in the fireplace dug in the middle of the dirt floor. Kneeling beside it she began to blow gently on the coals. At first they only glowed brighter, but under her patient care it was not long before a small curl of smoke appeared and soon she had a lively little fire. When this was done she again went outside and, unloading the cart of the willow baskets she had not sold at market, she gathered them in her arms and reëntered the hut. The fire had begun to burn quite well. Despite the small hole in the roof the room was filled with smoke, but though she coughed frequently Mother Chambeau did not seem to mind. Only the very rich could afford these new things called chimneys and, besides, Mother Chambeau could not help looking upon this awesome way of disposing of the smoke as something akin to magic.

Laying her burdens in the corner opposite Jeanne's stall, she took a wooden bowl from the cupboard by her bunk and, seating herself on a stool beside the goat, she milked the bowl full of warm milk. Carrying the stool with her she returned to the fire. Still coughing and blinking her smarting eyes Mother Chambeau began her meager meal of goat's milk and hard brown bread. She twisted each piece from a long loaf and sopped it in the milk. Greedily she gulped it down licking her fingers after each mouthful. After mopping the last bit of milk from the bowl and carefully picking the crumbs from her lap she rose and returned the unwashed bowl to the cupboard.

Taking some willow withes from a jar in which she had left them to soak early that morning Mother Chambeau settled herself by the fire and began skillfully to weave a sturdy basket to be sold at market the following day. Silently she wove, squinting at her work in the poor light, her nimble fingers moving in and out, in and out, for some time. Now and then she stopped to rub her eyes or punch the fire, and once to open the door and let a little smoke out. Finally, with a sigh of satisfaction, she laid the finished basket aside.

Outside the wind had increased. A limb of the oak made a weird scratching on the thatched roof. The fire had begun to die down and she banked it with ashes so that she would not need to make a fresh one in the morning. Slowly she climbed upon her straw tick and covered her fully clothed body with her one luxury, two woolen blankets woven by her great-grandmother. Soon the sound of her deep breathing was mingled with the moaning of the wind and the movements of Jeanne in her stall.

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

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"L'Allegro"—Its influence is like that of a spring wind which blows softly, scarcely fanning your cheek, yet infusing through all your system a delicious magical sensation like nothing else in earth or heaven.

Fields dance with buttercups . . . joyously a cricket sings. . . . A bird song rises clear and high. . . . Sunlight dances. . . . Thoughts, dreams, are as delicate, as fragrant as the flutter of pale blossoms against a blue sky. . . .

L. O.

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"Il Penseroso" leaves me feeling pensive . . . sad . . . I want to walk in the shadow, completely alone, to lose myself in meditation. . . . I abandon myself to dreaming about the past, wondering about the future. . . . There is some consolation in the thought, even if it offers no solution of life's difficulties, that we are all part of a scheme that is too wonderful and stupendous even to attempt to understand. . . .

L. O.



### NOSTALGIA IN THREE KEYS

Dunkel ist die tiefe Nacht,  
 Hell scheint der Mond mit goldne pracht.  
 Hier bei mein kleines Fensterlein  
 Sitz' ich und weine, so allein.  
 Ich denke an ein weites Land;  
 An blauen See am weissen Rand;  
 An grüne Palme; heissen Sand . . .  
 Maracaibo ist es genannt. . . .

Como oro es la luz de la luna,  
 Que alumbra la vasta laguna . . .  
 En mi ventana me siento,  
 Pensando en mi sufrimiento . . .  
 Parece que oigo las olas del mar,  
 Parece que veo un buho volar—  
 Quanto quisiera en mi tiere estar—  
 Y pensando en esto, me pongo a llorar.

Deep is the night, and cold and still,  
 With hazy light on wood and hill.  
 The moon, a ghost of days gone by,  
 Floats dimly through a misty sky.  
 Gay thoughts and sad weave through my brain;  
 In dreams I am at home again—  
 The sun is high; the days are fair—  
 I wake; I weep in my despair.

LOTTI J. OSTERWIN,  
 Special Student

### INTERLUDE ON A BUS

As we left South Carolina, a heavy, middle-aged country fellow boarded the bus, dragging after him a crying child.

A more ungainly and stupid-looking man I have never seen. His uncombed, pepper-and-salt hair straggled from under a torn cap, so dirty that it was impossible to more than guess at the original color. His heavy-featured face was red and rough, and a day's growth of beard darkened his cheeks, his weak chin, and his fat neck. His small, dull eyes slid uneasily from side to side, under thick, irregular brows. His cheap, drab suit hung like a sack from his rounded shoulders, and his thick-soled shoes were covered with mud and clay. The nails of his pudgy hands were broken and dirty.

The child, a little girl of about four, was crying as if her heart would break. Her straight blonde hair—she wore no cap—hung in damp wisps about her small, puckered forehead. Her woeful face screwed itself into knots, as the tears flooded down her round cheeks. Her small body, clad in an orange-and-white snowsuit, was shaken with grief. Even the scuffed, copper-tipped little shoes looked woebegone.

The man lifted the child to the outer seat, and then eased his great bulk into the seat beside her. He made no attempt to stop the flow of tears. His dull face remained expressionless. The little girl sobbed intermittently for about an hour. When finally she was quiet, except for an occasional long-drawn sigh, the man bent over her. Perhaps his voice was not intentionally harsh, but it grated on my ears.

"D'ye feel better now? Ye're goin' to be all right now, ain't ye? Maybe you're ree-conciled to goin' with me now, huh? That's right, huh? Huh?"

The child made no response. She did not even turn her head. Probably the severe look on her little face would have been lost on him. It was quite plain that she meant to ignore her companion.

The man, however, hardly took his eyes off her, but he said nothing more. After a while he put his huge, square hand on her small shoulder in what, I suppose, was meant to be a caress. Then she turned toward him sharply. "Don't!" she said, and shaking the heavy hand from her shoulder she scrambled out of her seat and into the aisle. The big fellow made no effort to stop her.

For a moment she stood there unsteadily, then climbed into the seat beside mine. Quite deliberately and ostentatiously, she turned her straight little back to the fellow—if he had not been too coarse to see it, he would have been surprised at the rigidity of the lines of the little body. Then she looked me over carefully. I must have met inspection favorably, for after a last steady look, she offered: "Would you like to see my nickel?"

"Have you really got a nickel? I'd love to see it."



She thrust her brown little fist into the pocket of her snowsuit and drew forth a buffalo nickel, slightly grimy. She looked it over, polished it on her sleeve, and then extended it to me.

I looked at the coin carefully, and then said—thinking of the shiny dime I had, “Where did you get your nickel?”

“In town.”

“Do you like to go to town?”

“Um-hm.”

The solemn blue eyes stared steadily into mine. Of the two, I was the less at ease.

“What else do you see in town besides nickels?” I ventured.

She squirmed in her seat, and a shy, delighted little smile turned up the corners of her mouth.

“My daddy.”

Again she looked at me and chuckled gleefully.

“I like to see my daddy.”

Where, I wondered, was “daddy” now, and why was this uncouth country fellow dragging her off with him? It was obvious that he could not be the daddy the very mention of whom called forth such fascinated delight.

For a few moments, she sat quietly. Then she looked up at me with an expectant smile. In answer, I drew forth my shiny dime.

“This is yours,” I said, placing the coin on the seat-arm between us. It lay there, a silver pod on the bright blue plush.

She stared at it, her child-brow furrowed with surprise and wonder. She made no attempt to touch it.

“Mine?” Her voice too was puzzled.

“A fairy gave it to me, and told me to give it to a little girl with blonde hair and blue eyes and a pretty orange-and-white snowsuit. The fairy said the little girl’s daddy sent it: and you’re the first little girl that I’ve seen.”

She thought about it for a moment and then, shyly, she slid the dime from the seat-arm, smiled at it, and sent it to join the nickel in her pocket.

“Well . . . if my daddy sent it”—her smile was quick—“it’s all right. Tell the fairy thank you.”

Her calm acceptance of the “fairy,” her delight in even the mention of “daddy,” made me want to steal her from the country dolt and restore her to “daddy.” I wondered if he knew what was happening to her. I felt sure something was very wrong. I opened my mouth to speak, but the bus jolted to a sudden stop.

The unkempt fellow rose and lumbered across the aisle. A look of absolute terror overspread the fat little face.

“The fairies will take care of you,” I whispered quickly.

Her mouth, opened to emit a protest, closed, and her big, sober eyes sought mine.

"Fairies," she said, and was carried away without a sound. Her blue eyes stared into mine until she was borne from sight.

BETSY PEERY, '40

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### JUNGLE GLIMPSES IN THE OLD NORTH STATE

The average traveler in southeastern North Carolina passes along the borders of swamps filled with oak, pine, poplar, and cypress, never guessing that deep in the heart of these marshes are jungle-like morasses so densely wooded that the most piercing rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate. Above the sluggish, muddy streams, glistening like jet as they wind their crooked way through the fertile bogs, ancient cypress trees, covered with moss and strange tropical vines, meet in tangled masses overhead.

Many harmless species of water-snakes slip in and out among the roots, while deadly water moccasins slither stealthily from the vines to drop their glistening black bodies into the muddy waters below. Here they swim lazily back and forth, seeking fish or frogs which, when captured, are swallowed whole. When startled they thrust their heads forward with a snap of the jaws that discloses the white lining of their throats. This accounts for the familiar name, "Cotton-mouth." Also occasionally one may glimpse the dreaded diamond-back rattlesnake. At even the slightest jarring of the earth he shakes a warning rattle. If this threat is heeded, he scuttles to cover; otherwise, he is a vicious and dangerous fighter.

On decaying logs, alligators with cracked hides closely resembling their surroundings, sprawl harmlessly, now and then rousing to utter a weird bellow, or to slip through the ooze of the jungle bottom into the streams to bathe. When a bull alligator closes his jaws after uttering a fierce bellow, he emits a vapor which has a peculiar odor. A whiff of this odor spells only one thing to a native of these swamps: "Thar's a 'gator near by."

In the fall, masses of succulent wild grapes hang from the trees and many strange multi-colored birds flit in and out among the vines. Large herds of deer roam the less dense areas, and many bears wander in and out of the brush seeking food. When food is scarce in their native haunts, bears prey on the nearby farms, eating grain and livestock. They return deep into the heart of the forests to make their beds under old logs or among the boughs of fallen trees.

These forests abound in powerful herbs, the secrets of which are known only to those who pluck them to brew strange medicines and dyes. For the people of this region know little of modern doctors or of modern

manufacturing, and employ herbs to combat their diseases just as they do to color their homespun clothes and their home furnishings, including beautiful hand-woven rugs.

The flora of these swamps vary greatly. Near the edges in the less marshy areas are found the sweet bay trees with their fragrant white blossoms and silver-backed leaves. Also there are many spreading dogwoods with their pink or white blooms in the spring, and brilliant red leaves in the fall. Wild azaleas with flowers varying in hue from pure white to crimson add their pungent fragrance to the air, while overhead among the trees hang the fragrant yellow jasmine vines with their bell-shaped blossoms. Smaller flowers grow in profusion. In the lower wet areas, among luxuriant ferns bedded in green moss, are Jack-in-the-pulpits, pitcher plants, and many beautiful and rare lilies. Also there are seen the commoner orchids such as pink moccasins, lady's slippers, and yellow fringed orchids. A few rarer species are occasionally found, including a green tree-orchid seldom seen north of Florida.

It seems a pity that the modern tourist as he speeds on his happy, unconcerned way never pauses to consider what the walls of the swamp hold hidden in their depths. But the traveler with leisure, eyesight, and imagination may easily get to the heart of this marshy mystery.

ANNE BOICE, '39

### I LIKE GRAY DAYS

I like gray days, when all the sky is dulled  
 And faded into pearl. The world is wrapped  
 In monotone of mist, and silhouettes  
 Of clear-cut winter trees are blurred through wisps  
 Of fog, like errant ghosts caught out abroad  
 Long after dawn and cockerow should have called  
 Them in. On such a day a strange, deep peace  
 So permeates my being that I long  
 For solitude; while, too, there comes a sense  
 Of sadness, sweet and quiet like the day,  
 Till I am lost in contemplation of  
 The silver radiance from the hidden sun,  
 Which glimmers faintly through the veil of cloud—  
 Dim gleaming promise of the morrow when  
 The silver shall have melted into gold.

MARION GREY BLACK, '39



### AMOR IMPOSIBLE

Four young people were sprawled lazily on the warm, sandy beach. The glistening water of the Lake of Maracaibo, its waves mere flashes of blue, splashed idly near by. Overhead lofty palms nodded their bright green heads leisurely in the golden sunshine and whispered their secrets to the fickle wind as it wanted past. Slowly Elsie dropped her gaze from the far-off fleecy white clouds to the people who lay beside her.

Maruja and Tulio rested on their backs with their faces toward the bright sun. . . . "Yes," thought Elsie, as she stared at their shiny black heads, "they belong here." . . . Maruja—how lovely she looked, her dark hair against the silvery sand. How fierce and possessive her love for Jon. . . . Elsie turned and gazed at him. Jon, with his fair complexion, light hair and gray eyes, was so typically English. So strong and sensible and steady.

"Jon," she asked, breaking the silence, "why do you gaze so longingly into space?"

"Elsie, we'd be having tea in the study. . . . There would be muffins, clotted cream and fresh strawberries—the Mater's favorite blue china—the faint fragrance of primroses . . ."

"And all your old friends would be there to ask about your South American trip, and whether or not you were glad to be home. As if they didn't know—as if they didn't know."

Quickly Tulio looked up. There was pain, sadness in his cool, dark eyes.

"Elsie, why must you always be so far away? Are you not happy here in our country? Have we not made you happy?"

"Yes, Tulio. We are silly. Forgive us." She smiled, but looked pleadingly at Jon, who was silent.

Maruja sang quietly:

*"Canta y no llores  
Porque cantando se alegran  
Cielito Lindo los corazones."*

Elsie smiled again and looked tenderly at Tulio. This was their song . . . the song that had brought them together so many months before.

"Yes, Tulio, I know what the words mean. I haven't forgotten since the first time you taught them to me. I've never told you before, but I wasn't really interested in learning the words; I just wanted to hear you speak. You looked so handsome with your white teeth and dark mustache that I just had to see if you were as charming as your looks."

Tulio laughed gently. "Then I'll confess, too. I forgot to tell you that pretty señoritas in Venezuela do not walk on the plaza and listen to the music without a chaperon. I forgot everything when you smiled." He was suddenly serious. "Elsie, you are happy?"

For a moment she looked away. Did she not belong to a generation unafraid to face facts; that looked at issues clearly, without evasion? Could she not tell him that she was torn between him and her country . . . her people? No . . . not yet. Gayly she answered: "Yes, of course I'm happy—but let's not be so serious, Tulio. Let's sing and laugh"—and then she met Jon's eyes. He knew . . . he knew.

Maruja complained suddenly that she was thirsty. Both Tulio and Jon stirred slightly. Then, as Jon pulled himself to his feet Tulio said, "I know that you are tired today, Jon. I'll go." He turned. "Coming, Elsie?"

"No, Tulio, I'm tired, too . . ."

"Maruja, then you come." He helped her up and, flashing a smile at Elsie, went off for cocoanuts.

Jon turned to Elsie. He was glad for a moment alone with his far-distant cousin. Thinking hurt him; talking helped.

"Elsie, what are we going to do? Why must we be thrown into such hopeless and pitiable discords? Why couldn't you have fallen in love with me, or Maruja with Tulio? Why are there years and years of racial prejudice against us? . . . Why haven't we the moral courage to insist on the individual's rights; to rend these narrow codes so long cherished by natives and foreigners alike? Why do we keep thinking of home? Why?" He was quiet for a moment, then challenged: "We must think it out once and for all, grimly down to the bed-rock of truth, and then accept our own decisions as part of the inevitability of life. We must choose between home and——"

Tulio and Maruja were running toward them, laughing and shouting, for they had caught a young, tiny monkey that chattered and scolded and begged to be released, all in one breath.

"Let me hold him. Please, let me hold him," coaxed Elsie, lifting her arms for him.

Maruja handed him to her after she had released her dark hair from his grasp. Then smiling at Jon and taking his hand in hers, she strolled slowly with him up the beach, leaving her small footprints beside his in the smooth sand.

"Darling little thing," cooed Elsie to her new pet. "How I should like to take you home to my little sister."

"No, Elsie, he is too much like me," laughed Tulio, but he added soberly, "He would die if he were taken away from this, his country. He needs the hot sun, the heavy rains, the cool shade of the palms."

And suddenly she knew what she had to do. She was silent for a moment, then spoke with downcast eyes, slowly but firmly.

"Tulio, I meant to tell you before. Dad cabled today. He thinks I should not prolong my visit here, and though Aunt Betsy loves having me, I think I shall have to go home." Seeing the panic in his eyes, she

added quickly, "Well, only for a short while. Why, you won't even have time to miss me!"

Tulio stood still. Not a word did he speak.

"Oh, Tulio, I'll promise to come back. Let us say that in one year we will meet again here on the beach."

Still Tulio was silent.

Maruja and Jon were coming back. They walked slowly and every once in a while she stopped and looked bravely up at Jon. There were tears on her smooth cheeks.

Maruja walked up to Elsie and kissed her lightly.

"Jon has explained to me, Elsie, that you are going away for a while, but he says that you will both come back, and we have made a promise that we will meet again."

"Yes, Maruja, we will meet again."

Each one of them promised, and each one of them knew, though not one would say it, that next year the glistening water of the Lake of Maracaibo, its waves mere flashes of blue, would still splash idly by, that overhead the lofty palms would still nod their bright green heads in the golden sunshine and whisper their secrets to the fickle wind as it waned past; but the beach, the warm, smooth, sandy beach would be empty.

LOTTI J. OSTERWIN





**“AND THE CHILD GREW”**

And Jesus being in His tenth year lived with His father and mother in the mountain village of Nazareth in the land of Galilee—a free, simple boy growing day by day more sturdy and more wise.

Their home was a small stone house beside the carpenter shop; poor and humble it was, but always clean and neat. There was a small guest room on the flat roof, with stone steps leading up to it from the ground. Several fig and olive trees grew near the house; the bright sunshine made the shade of the trees and the inside of the house look cool and dark.

Jesus helped His father in the workshop—helped him saw the Lebanon cedars and stain the wood. The rhythmic push of the plane and the soft rustling of falling shavings fascinated Him. He helped His mother around the house—made the fires, went to the well, and cared for the younger children.

Jesus went with the other boys to the synagogue school and sat at the feet of the rabbi. They studied the Hebrew language, read the Old Testament scrolls, and memorized long passages of Scripture. After school He played with His friends on the cobblestones of the market place, running in and out the narrow, crooked streets among the cluttered shops, the colorful fruit and vegetable stands, and the sleepy-eyed donkeys and barking dogs. Often the children ran out of the village to the groves of almonds, figs, olives, and apricots, or to the vineyards on the terraced hills, sometimes taking a lunch and spending the day on the green slopes beside the pleasant streams.

Jesus loved the wild flowers, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field; and when His work was done, He went up on the high hill behind the village to rest and to meditate and to drink in the beauty of His Father's world. From the summit He could see the mountains of Galilee with the snowy peak of Mount Hermon towering above them all, the Jordan valley and the mountains of Gilead and of Samaria, the ridge of Carmel, and beyond the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. How He delighted in those lovely Judean hills and all the mystery and tradition which surrounded them!

After the evening meal the family went up on the roof of the house for a quiet time together before going to bed. The younger children climbed on their father's knee or nestled in Mary's arms while she told them stories of the baby Moses, of the boy Samuel, or of their ancestor, King David.

Then when the children's heads began to droop and their eyelids got heavy, she led them down to their beds; and soon she could be heard singing her little ones to sleep. Jesus would sit at the feet of His father, gazing out over the hills at the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks

or up at the twinkling stars, and listening to Joseph's wise and kindly counsel until He, too, became sleepy and went down to rest.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."

CAROLINE NEWBOLD, '40

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### THE MISSION CHURCH IN "LITTLE ITALY"

In the heart of an over-crowded section of Kansas City, Missouri, known as "Little Italy" by those foreign to the community, stands a small, unimpressive, red brick building. It would hardly be noticed except for the numerous comings and goings of interested people. It is the Italian Mission, which reaches out to all the Italians and other racial minorities in the city.

The Italian Mission is a seven-days-a-week and a 365-days-a-year organization. The best way to describe it is to give a brief résumé of a week's activities. Five days a week a nursery school is conducted where malnourished children are served fresh milk and graham crackers and have supervised play and constructive handicraft. On Monday afternoons from twelve to two, prominent specialists offer their services free of charge to mothers and babies in the mission clinic. At two o'clock the Mothers' Circle of the Auxiliary meets; the mothers are brought together to help unite the members of the congregation and other members of the community in a program of recreation and religion. At four the Girl Scouts meet and the boys have supervised play on the playground. Piano lessons are given free. In the evening from seven to nine the small boys have their Cub meeting. Tuesday afternoon the boys have their club meetings and at the small branch mission the girls in that neighborhood have their Scout meetings. At night the Junior Circle of the Auxiliary meets. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are spent in a similar way with such meetings as those of the Senior Circle, and the Boy Scouts, choir practice, and prayer meetings. Sunday climaxes the whole week with Sunday-school, then church service for the young people, and Junior Church for the children in English. In the afternoon the Senior League meets and in the evening there is a service in Italian for the adults. It is noteworthy that all the Sunday-school teachers and the majority of the other workers have received their intellectual and spiritual education through the Mission.

The Daily Vacation Bible School is conducted for six weeks every summer. This is attended by children from all over the neighborhood, Catholics as well as Protestants. The program fits the needs of children from two to seventeen years. The youngest children attend the nursery school, while those in primary grades do constructive handwork, including sewing. From the Junior Department to the Senior, the girls sew

and knit and the boys take manual training. These children are brought closer to God through singing hymns, hearing Bible stories, and learning Bible verses each morning. The last day of school the children and their parents are invited to an all-day picnic given by the Mission.

Young people like to go to the Mission, but becoming very active there often means breaking away from all loved ones to join the Presbyterian Church. The sacrifice involved may be illustrated by the following incident. John had just come to America with his parents and as they sat in a waiting-room on Ellis Island—where there were sounds of innumerable foreign languages like the tongues of Babel—a man walked up to him and placed in his hands a little black book written in Italian. He opened the book at random, and read:

“For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I  
was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger,  
and ye took me in . . .”

He continued reading these wonderful passages, and the more he read, the more eager he became for more. The family settled in Washington and there John attended his first Presbyterian Church service in a small Italian Mission. He went to all the services regularly and it was not long before he told his parents that he wished to become a Protestant. They pleaded with him and his Catholic friends ridiculed him, but nevertheless he remained unchanged and became a firm believer of the Protestant faith. He attended the University of Pittsburgh where, in his last year of Medical School, he felt the call to enter the ministry. The dream of every Italian parent is that his son become a priest, a doctor, or a lawyer; so for a while after John told his parents they were unable to see his side at all, but it was not very long before they too became Presbyterians.

Another story is told of Mary, who attended the church regularly every Sunday for two months, without her mother's learning of it. When her mother heard of it she threatened to commit suicide if Mary didn't stop going to the Mission. As a result of this scene Mary remained at home doing none of the things she had previously done, and lost all interest in life. Finally her mother decided that it was better for her daughter to go to the Presbyterian Church than to go nowhere; so Mary went back to the Mission. Life held a new meaning for her and, when her mother saw it, she too was drawn to the Presbyterian Church and eventually became a fine church worker. In like manner, many families have been brought into the Mission Church in “Little Italy.”

MARY ELIZABETH BISCEGLIA, '39



## INTERVIEWS AND APPRECIATIONS

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### IN THE LIBRARY OF DR. CHARLES LEE SMITH

Raleigh boasts a number of citizens who are listed in *Who's Who in America*. Among these are two gentlemen who live almost opposite each other on North Wilmington Street: Dr. William C. Pressly, President of Peace, a Junior College for Women, and Dr. Charles Lee Smith, President of Edwards and Broughton Company.

Dr. Smith was born in Wilton, North Carolina, on August 29, 1865. In 1884 he graduated from Wake Forest College, and in 1884-'85 he was an instructor in the Raleigh Male Academy. He received his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in 1889, and in 1906 the degree of LL.D. from Wake Forest College. Dr. Smith is connected with many successful business enterprises in Raleigh and other cities of North Carolina. He is also a distinguished collector, having in his home many art treasures and a valuable library of several thousand volumes of which more than one thousand are really rare books.

Seated in a deep armchair before the glowing open fire in his beautiful library, Dr. Smith turned friendly eyes upon his youthful interviewers from Peace. Heartily affirming that collecting rare books is one of the most absorbing of all hobbies, he gave enthusiastic replies to our queries about his library. Before answering the first question, he glanced up meditatively at the real Titian on the opposite wall and back to the heavy carpet. Then he began telling how he had first, as a young lad, become interested in the collection of books. He told how Eliza Cook's poems had influenced his early literary tastes and how in later years he had finally succeeded in purchasing a first edition of hers.

Dr. Smith is the proud possessor of about twenty books from Baron Rothschild's library and also many volumes from the libraries of other great men, including John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle. He numbers in his collection many early editions of Poet Laureates. Among his many autographed books is one of John Masefield's.

Our host graciously brought forth for inspection a richly bound volume that was presented in 1906 by the city of New York to the Czar of Russia. This valuable book, a history of New York published by the Baskerville Press, is resplendent with illustrations and maps. Dr. Smith told how he was never allowed even to touch the volume until he had actually bought it; it is now encased in a number of protective coverings and is handled with the utmost care.

The distinguished collector explained that in buying a rare edition one should consider carefully the condition of the binding, the frontispiece, the book's association interest, and the authentic proof of its publishing. When asked if he owned any incunabula, he smilingly shook his head and replied that his earliest books date from the sixteenth century.

Among the both rare and beautiful books that he caressingly took from their shelves were two first editions of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, each of which contains on a flyleaf a list of its subscribers; Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*; a first edition of Byron's *Marino Faliero* (a drama of Venice) and his *Siege of Corinth* (a romantic narrative); and *Willobie His Avis*, of which there is one copy in the British Museum and one in the Huntington Library. Dr. Smith also possesses one of the two hundred and fifty-seven copies made of John Wycliff's *A New Bible*, reprinted in 1877 in Munich.

At the conclusion of the interview, we reluctantly pulled ourselves away from our gracious host and hostess and their fascinating books. One of our group was heard to remark as we started Peace-ward, "Oh, I do hope we can go again soon."

MILDRED FERGUSON, '39

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#### AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. T. W. BICKETT

"Social problems differ only in degree, not in kind," Mrs. T. W. Bickett, who has been Superintendent of Wake County Public Welfare for the past fourteen years, recently assured an interviewer. "There are always the problems of poverty and delinquency to be dealt with wherever you go," she added.

During her career, Mrs. Bickett has been active in practically every field of social service. Always interested in human welfare, she has devoted her life to this cause. While a student of social science at the University of Chicago, she was a constant visitor at Hull House, where she came to know and greatly admire the late Jane Addams. Each Friday night she kept the library for Miss Addams, serving hundreds of little immigrants who understood nothing but her smiles. She was also a frequent visitor about the stockyards where she studied conditions with understanding and sympathy, and she had a share in establishing a school for Chicago's delinquent children.

Mrs. Bickett told her interviewer that she had not allowed herself to emphasize the obstacles along her way, and modestly declined to name any specific instances in which her battle had been hard fought.

In 1917 she was sent abroad with four other women (she being the only one from the South) by the National Council to investigate conditions in the American Army. She described her stay in France as being pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

At present her work is concerned with a number of social organizations and institutions. Among these are the State Prison, the State institution for the blind, the county home, the employment bureau, and the hospitals in the county that accept charity patients or conduct

clinics. She is also connected with the juvenile court as probation officer; and with the children's welfare home, as supervisor of recreation. Moreover, she must certify applicants for the W.P.A., N.Y.A., and old age assistance, before they are considered eligible for relief from these funds.

Upon being asked whether she thought the W.P.A. should become a permanent organization, Mrs. Bickett made this reply: "We have received orders to reduce the relief roll, taking off all who fall within certain classifications, such as women with children under sixteen. However, as yet, these orders have not been strictly enforced. But some organization similar to the W.P.A. must be maintained to take care of the unemployed." She remarked further that W.P.A. workers should be put on a par with other industrial workers from the standpoint of both wages and hours, since most people prefer the short hours and high wages paid by government relief.

Mrs. Bickett heartily endorsed the old age assistance as a means of providing for aged individuals who are unable to support themselves. She said she would like to see the fund increased and extended to old people now in county homes. The old people could then be placed in private homes. Her dream is to see the county homes vacated and converted into county hospitals for the benefit of charity convalescents who have been discharged from other hospitals, but have not recovered fully enough to be able to work.

While making her last remarks Mrs. Bickett had eagerly leaned forward in her chair. Now she settled back again and said mildly with a note of regret in her voice: "But that would be just too ideal."

RUTH POLLARD, '39

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### INTERVIEWING A FAMILY CASE WORKER

As enthusiastic as a child over a new toy was this tiny woman, on being approached on the subject of her life's work. Did she really like being a social worker? Her eyes sparkled as she answered.

"Yes, indeed," she said, "I am sure it must be the most interesting work in the world. Every day is an exciting adventure, and never the same as yesterday."

Miss Julia Comer is a family case worker with the North Carolina Department of Public Welfare. She had given me my cue. A "typical day" was what I now asked her to describe. Leaning back in her reclining desk chair (which she occupies very little of the time), she prepared to answer my question.

At nine o'clock each morning, she and the other case workers in her office meet with the supervisor at her desk in the adjoining room. Here they informally discuss any problems that have arisen the preceding day



and plan trips for that day. By nine-thirty the workers are ready for the real work of the day—that of visiting needy families. These families are discovered by different people over the county and state, and reported to this department. Each case worker is assigned one family.

“And from this time until the end of the day,” said Miss Comer, “I am never surprised at anything. Happiness, disappointment, joy, heart-break—all these we see and often experience ourselves. I have ridden for miles and miles only to find, when I reached my destination, that I was unable to help the family at all. But then again, I am.”

On entering a home, she introduces herself as being from the welfare office. I inquired if the attitude of the family visited was ever resentful or rude. She hastily assured me that it was not.

The next step is to get all the necessary information about the family—their former home, the number of children, their physical condition, the family income, and so on. After a friendly talk with the head of the family, she takes this report or “case history” back to the office where the stenographer types it and files it away.

“What was your very first case?” I asked.

“One concerning a child,” she answered, “and a very unsuccessful case.” Her expression was wistful as though she still regretted this experience.

“The family lived out on a little country road several miles from town. There was a child of about twelve years whose leg was crippled. A few months in an orthopedic hospital would have cured her. Their idea of a hospital, however, was of a terrible place with numerous doctors whose chief work was to cause people pain. However, after numerous visits, I had their promise to let the child go. They would have her ready when I came for her.”

“Did they let her?” I asked.

“Well,” she continued, “the following day I fairly flew out to the house, thrilled at the success of my first case. But when I stopped in front of the weather-beaten cottage, my spirits fell, for it was closed up and not a soul did I see. After pounding the front door and peeping in all the windows, I was convinced that they were really gone and had taken the little girl with them. I could not keep back the tears, for I had failed where I wanted so much to succeed.”

Happily, her later experiences were more successful. How could one with her determination and winsomeness help but succeed?

“How long was it before you could see any good results in your work?” I asked.

Her dark eyes twinkled and she leaned forward to rest her slender hands on her desk. “Not long,” she exclaimed, “for the very next week I was rewarded with that supreme joy that can come only with the experience of really helping some one.”

“Tell me about it,” I urged, quite unnecessarily.

"This time I had a whole family to consider. At the office I was directed to a little house just outside of town. Arriving early one afternoon, I stopped the car a little distance away to have a good look at it, unseen. It was a dismal, unpainted, one-story frame house. Some of the boards had rotted and become detached at one end, and were just hanging. Indeed, half of the tiny porch was nothing but loose boards. Most of the window panes were cracked or completely out. One space held a bundle of rags to keep out the cold." Miss Comer shuddered as she recalled this dreary scene.

"Didn't you wish you could just drive on by?" I asked.

"Yes, I must say my enthusiasm faltered a bit, but of course I dismissed my fears and proceeded to the house. Just as I stopped the motor, two little dirty-faced children came through the unscreened doorway and hardly glancing at the car, began to dig in the sand of the tiny front yard.

"Stepping to the ground and onto the porch I knocked gingerly at the door. Immediately a small, shrunken woman appeared with a baby in her arms. She stared at me and said nothing. With a greeting as cheery as I could muster, I told her at once the purpose of my visit. Her expression registered surprise, for she had not applied for help, but had been reported to our office by a neighbor."

"How did the house look on the inside?" I asked.

"Quite as I expected. She motioned me to one of the two broken chairs and I could see the meager furnishings at a glance. Directly in front of me was a brick fireplace holding a few dead coals. From the top swung three smoked iron pots, obviously used for cooking. On the opposite side of the room was a cot at the foot of which stood a small table. This piece of furniture was littered with an amazing variety of articles—everything from a hammer to a loaf of bread. The floor was unswept and everything was generally untidy. I had to muster all my will power to keep any trace of surprise or pity from my face.

"The mother warmed to my questions and was soon talking freely of their troubles, a bit relieved, I suspected, at being able to tell some one who she felt would be sympathetic. The gist of the conversation was that both her husband and son, sixteen, were unemployed except for a few odd jobs now and then. She had grown hopeless as time went on and this hopelessness had gradually turned to bitterness."

"What did you do first?" I inquired. "Weren't you a bit perplexed by the situation?"

She smiled and settled back again in her chair.

"I came right back to the office," she replied, "and went through the routine of having the case history filed, and took the necessary steps to secure the amount of money I thought needed. Then I set about planning what must be done first to change this family's very outlook on life. For I realized that what little financial aid I could provide

for a short period of time would be wasted unless I could inspire in them the desire to help themselves later. I was quite successful in my plans.

"I visited this family regularly, making them feel my sincerity in wanting to help them. After diligent searching I obtained jobs for both the father and the son. I returned to the little house several times and talked with them about their work, determined to keep them interested if it was at all possible."

"What did you do about their living conditions? Did you try to improve them too?"

"Indeed, that was one of the most important things I had to do," said Miss Comer. "There was an adult education class in a nearby neighborhood where sewing and cooking were taught and, above all, a practical course in hygiene. At my insistence the mother arranged with a neighbor to keep the three small children several hours each day while she attended these classes."

"Did they have any effect on her housekeeping?" I wondered.

"More than I even dared hope for. Within a month, on one of my visits, I was greeted at the door by one of the small children. Imagine my delight at seeing her in a clean dress, with her hair combed and her face washed. It was not long before I detected a difference in the appearance of the house. It contained the same scant furnishings, but the floor was carefully swept and scrubbed and everything was clean and neat."

"How long did you continue to visit this family?" I asked.

"Regularly, for about three months," she answered. "And even now, after two years, it does my heart good to stop a few minutes with them and see the changes that have occurred. The father and the son have both been promoted to better jobs, and have repaired the house and painted it themselves during holidays and after working hours. New furniture has been bought and they are all happy and content, with an entirely different attitude towards the world."

"Do you ever make lasting friendships with the families you help, Miss Comer?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered, "quite frequently. I have made many friends through these contacts and they are a real source of pleasure to me."

"Then this type of work is not so impersonal as one might suppose, and each family is more than a mere case number?"

"Wherever did you get that idea?" she asked in surprise. "You see, it cannot be so impersonal as that, for we have really to understand the family and all their temperaments before we can help them."

"Of course," she concluded, "I see much of the unpleasant side of life in this type of work, and experience failure as often as success. But the thrill of success far outweighs the distaste of failure. Each assignment is a new adventure and a new hope. Often I am able to rehabilitate



a whole family (as I have just illustrated to you), and then I feel compensated a hundred-fold for all the failures that have come before. And whether it be success or failure, reward or disappointment, it's all in a day's work and I love it."

As it was now Miss Comer's lunch time, I rose to go. She cordially invited me back to see her, and as I went thoughtfully down the stairs, I felt that I had made a real friend.

MARY WINSLOW, '39

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### AFTERNOON TEA

She is living in the autumn of her life, and she possesses all the warmth and cheeriness of that season. She is not a large woman, but her slight plumpness adds to her attractiveness. Framing her face are misty waves of silver hair, which in certain lights reveal a bluish tint.

Now her blue eyes are twinkling as she speaks of her granddaughter, in tones as silvery as her hair. Her steps sink only slightly into the carpet as she walks across the room. As she lifts the teapot her hands—what busy hands they must be—do not betray their weariness, and gracefully she pours each cup of tea. With all her charm her greatest gift is simplicity, the crowning element of her personality. This lovely person proves herself a true friend as well as a perfect hostess. She is indeed worthy of being called the First Lady of North Carolina.

CHRISTINA CREEKMORE, '40

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### LETTER FROM "THE FIRST LADY"

THE MANSION

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

MRS. CLYDE ROARK HOEY

January 31, 1939

MY DEAR CHRISTINA:

I cannot tell you how lovely I think your description of me sounded. It was far too lovely, I know, but to have caused you to so express yourself, makes me more anxious than ever to be what you expressed.

To be "A true friend, a perfect hostess," and be possessed of real "simplicity," gives me some very great assets.

As the years go by and I am gone, may you ever hold me in pleasant memory; remember that you can be the kind of woman you most want to be.

With warmest appreciation and very best wishes to you, I am

Sincerely yours,

BESS G. HOEY.

# VOICES of PEACE

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## EDITORIAL

### EXAMINATIONS

The contest is over once more—the crucial week of Examinations. What dramas were enacted by the girls at Peace? Was there not one called *Harvest of Tares*—habitual loafing and the zero hour of cramming, leading up to the climax of exams., the catastrophe of failure, and a term in night study hall? Was there not another version of this play, with a happier ending? Perhaps the dénouement was a bare seventy, received with great rejoicing at good luck in merely “getting by.” And was there not another drama, the crises of the rising action being brave combats with daily reports, problems, and tests—expected and unexpected—followed by thoughtful reviewing before the crucial hour? Perhaps this triumphant drama might be called *Bumper Crop*.

Among the Peace girls of this year who seem to have gleaned some amusement along the way are the authors of the following spontaneous expressions which are culled from examination papers in English A:

### The Company

Multi-colored backs huddled over examination papers . . . ceaseless scratching of pens and pencils . . . an occasional groan from the girl on my left . . . a continuous popping of gum and blowing of nose on my right . . . the tapping of papers on desks. . . . Is it any wonder that I can't concentrate? Bang goes the door! Wonder who that was who finished first? Probably Highsmith. Burr . . . will you just listen to

that airplane? Wish I were in it. . . . Goodness, nearly everyone is going . . . I simply can't stay a minute longer in this exam. den! Good-by, multi-colored backs—huddle on!

NANCY TEAGUE, '40

#### **The Room**

The atmosphere is tense . . . the room is bare of everything but the necessary desks. . . . Two large pitchers by the bookcase catch the eye; but at second glance you see that they, too, have been drained and sit as dry as you.

CHRISTINA CREEKMORE, '40

#### **One Victim**

With her chair pulled off in one corner and her back to the rest of the room, with her elbows on the desk and her chin cupped in her hands, with her ankles crossed leisurely in front of her and her shirt tail hanging out, Miss P. G. sits gazing out the open window—thoughtfully chewing her gum.

CAROLINE NEWBOLD, '40

#### **The Torturer and the Tortured**

Well, here we sit, racking our empty brains and reviling ourselves for overlooking the history of the English language. We stare blankly at that long, typed examination paper and a cold shudder of apprehension passes up our spines. Miss Boswell, the inventor of this torture, seems to be enjoying it to the fullest. But why not? Look at that puzzled expression on Roanoke's brow as she casts about her for a fitting subject upon whom she can compose that fateful paragraph. Consider the top of Leola's uncurled head, adorned with bobby pins and a blue bow; or Whitie's crazy grin as she talks sign language to Lucy, who is sprawled in a corner on the other side of the room; or Caroline Newbold's studious pursing of the lips as she studies her unsuspecting subject; or Mimi as she nervously runs her pencil through her hair. Even the author must be amusing as viewed by Miss Boswell, who smiles serenely as she gazes upon her bewildered prey while they sizzle in the frying pan of her exam.

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

#### **The World Without**

The wishy-washy blue-gray sky hangs fearfully low. Today no fleecy white clouds fill me with longing, beckoning me away to strange and distant lands. . . . Today no bird song, clear and high, calls out to tell of coming spring. Today there is nothing to take my mind off my examination paper, and yet I gaze up wistfully, hoping against hope that the answers in large black letters will suddenly appear upon that wishy-washy gray-blue sky.

LOTTI OSTERWIN



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## THE SUB-DEBS

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### THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR

My grandfather often said he was the youngest soldier in the War between the States. As the story goes, my great-grandfather, who was a soldier in the War, moved his family from Sutton, Virginia, to Willow Pump, which was across the mountain. The company to which my great-grandfather belonged was in winter quarters near Willow Pump. My grandfather, being three years old, often went to the camp and soon became the camp pet. One day a soldier gave him a musket and told him to guard the camp. He was to prod every soldier who came to the camp with *no exceptions*. He faithfully performed his duty until a certain soldier appeared, but he never prodded this particular one. Upon being told again to prod *every one* he threw down the musket and started crying. The soldier he couldn't make himself prod was his own father.

My grandfather's name was George Byrne. He was born in 1858 near Sutton, a small town then in the state of Virginia but now in the state of West Virginia. After living in West Virginia for some time, he moved to Texas where he married Miss Lula Haynie of Waco, Texas. There he was one of the pioneer newspaper men in Texas, which was then comparatively new and undeveloped. In 1899 he moved back to West Virginia, where he owned and edited a newspaper. Later he moved to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was on the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun*. When he died in 1923 he was one of the best known newspaper men in the South.

Grandfather always took a prominent part in West Virginia politics and at one time was a candidate for the House of Representatives in the United States Congress. Since West Virginia was a Republican state at that time, he was not elected.

All of his life he maintained the same interest in the South that he had when he carried a musket in her behalf at the age of three.

HARRIET PRESSLY, Ninth Grade

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### IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

A cry in the night, similar to the honk of an old horn, rouses me from the Land of Nod. Taking my chisel of will power in hand, I try to scrape the fog of heavy sleep from my brain. Partially succeeding, I glance with half-closed eyes at the alarm clock, to discover with a start that it is two A.M.—feeding hour again!

Slipping into a warm robe, I start to waken Sister—but what's this? She has already departed to the baby's bedroom. Hastening there, I find the rest of the family up, and the "lord of the house" blue in the face from crying.

I depart to the kitchen, but while going through the dark living-room, I awkwardly stumble over the coffee table—and Mother's prized vase

(the one Uncle Will brought from China), crashes to the floor. This brings Sister running to my side; and as she turns on the light, the glare painfully reveals the long dead ashes of a now cold fire, reminding me that my feet are like ice.

Finally in the kitchen, I begin mixing lacto and syrup, sticky stuff!—and Sister boils the nipple. This milk must be heated, and of course we are out of matches. Searching vainly through countless kitchen drawers, we at last find one single match behind the stove. Now to get this impossible, unstretchable nipple on the large neck of the bottle. I hold the bottle and Sister, after four unsuccessful attempts, gets the slippery thing on.

By this time every light in the house is burning brightly. Surely the neighbors must be scandalized by the late hours we keep!

Stumbling at last into the nursery, Sister and I can scarcely suppress hilarious giggles at the sight of Father, our own distinguished, reserved Father, anxiously pacing the floor with a yelling, red-faced bit of humanity. Mother stands without a wrapper—watch out, you'll catch cold!—warming a blanket by the heatrola. Proudly we present the troublesome bottle, and young Louis greedily empties it. All four of us, his elders yet his willing slaves, stand shivering around the bassinet, listening to those adorable, satisfied gurglings that only babies can make.

Peace and quiet reign once more, and everyone, careful to tiptoe from the room, creeps silently to a cold bed. Each steals a rueful glance at the clock, whose mocking hands point to three-thirty A.M. Who was the prevaricator who said, "The blessed night brings sweet, sweet rest"?

FRANCES RAINEY, Tenth Grade

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#### EVENTIDE

Over the hill I went to stray  
Where the pine trees cast their shadows gray.

Over the hill and over the vale  
I gazed until the horizon grew pale,

Until the rays of the setting sun  
Changed their light into gold fine-spun.

And then the gray of the passing day  
Thickened into black to stay:

The flowers bowed their dainty heads;  
The robins retired to their rocking beds;

At last the stars came peeking through  
And brilliantly spangled the darkening blue.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, Eleventh Grade

## EXCHANGES

Recent additions to our list of exchanges are the *Pine and Thistle*, the magazine of Flora Macdonald College, and *Queens' Blues*, the newspaper of Queens-Chicora. We appreciate the coöperation of these colleges in sending us their publications.

One of the prominent features of the *Pine and Thistle* is the "Poets' Corner," which contains several pages of verse by the students of Flora Macdonald. There is, also, a review of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *The Yearling*, which should be of interest to Peace girls, since this book has been recently added to our library.

Although the Christmas season seems now far past, the December issue of the Meredith *Acorn* merits especial comment. A trio of sketches, "Christmas in Other Lands," depicts Christmas in Nigeria, Panama, and Japan. The sketches are well written, by girls who have lived in these lands. It is sad to learn that in Japan there has been no happy celebration since the death of Emperor Taisho in 1926. Christmas there has become a day of national mourning.

### What the Freshmen Knew or Didn't Know

"Oxygen is an eight-sided figure."

"Nero means absolutely nothing."

"Radium is a new kind of silk."

"Homer is a type of pigeon."

"The Crusaders were cross people."

"Food passes from the mouth through the asparagus to the stomach."

"'The Great Divide' is western slang for long division."

"Calculus is a man like Cicero."

—*Pine and Thistle.*

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Raindrops are heavy tears . . . the voice of the wind, the cry of the world; its bitterness, pain, and dolour. . . . Then someone smiles, and raindrops are angel kisses . . . the song of the wind a lullaby. . . .

L. O.

---

A true artist does not desire the millenium. . . . A great sculptor models not only the beautiful. Slums and starvation, sins and sorrow would be a vast loss to the antithesis of life. . . . Today everything is to hand. One walks out of a cathedral into a movie-house and turns from a paragraph on Shakespeare to an account of the latest murder.

L. O.



**THE PEPPERPOT**

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**THE MAN WITH NO HAIR**

Now I've had my crushes, my loves and grand rushes;  
 Admired physiques and smiles debonaire.  
 It's rather confusing, and no doubt amusing,  
 That now I should care for a man with no hair.

It's useless concealing th' inexpressible feeling  
 I get whenever he's there;  
 So when I debate all the men I might rate,  
 I'd pick the man with no hair.

He's good-natured; quite charming, though often alarming;  
 Amusing, confusing, and he plays the game square.  
 And though sometimes I wonder, I guess nothing can sunder  
 My love for the man with no hair!

L. J. O.

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**"A MODEST PROPOSAL"**

Perhaps you'll think me forward  
 To write to you like this,  
 When I have never held you close,  
 Or felt your tender kiss;  
 When I have never had from you  
 One single word of love.  
 But still I feel you'll not be wroth  
 If I do speak of love.  
 When I look before me—there  
 I always see your face.  
 And every little thought of you  
 Will make my heart just race.  
 Sometimes I swear I'll you forget—  
 I *will* forget—and then  
 I close my eyes up very tight  
 And there you are again.  
 Since I cannot take my mind  
 Off the subject "you,"  
 Try to think of me—oh, please,  
 Try it, darling, do!  
 Think of me and hear my plea:  
 I want to cook for you—  
 Sugar hearts and toothsome tarts  
 And steaming Irish stew.

I want to darn your worn-out socks,  
 To mend your shirts—I do!—  
 And knit you mufflers, brilliant red—  
 Oh, let me sew for you!  
 After long and tiring days,  
 I'd meet you at the door.  
 I'd place your chair beside the fire,  
 Your slippers on the floor.  
 I'd run and get a glowing coal  
 To light your pipe for you.  
 I'd take the evening paper in  
 And bring it straight to you.  
 Oh, don't you see that what I mean  
 Is that I think you're grand . . .  
 That I want to be your wife . . .  
 I want to win your hand?  
 I want to go with you through life.  
 Oh, please, sir, hear my plea,  
 And carry me to realms of joy—  
 Oh, mister, marry me!

B. P.

### WORDS IN A KITCHEN

(Vocabulary Exercise)

*Pertinacious* Patsy's momentary determination to be a cook was unaffected by her mother's *vociferating* of *prophetic exhortations*. Stoutly *vindicating* her ability to cook, she began to mix her materials with a *ludicrous mien* of affected *dexterity*. Her first dish was to be biscuits. Having been seemingly *necromantically* cut in *heterogeneous* shapes and sizes, these were popped into the *coruscating* oven. The only *dissentient*, Patsy's mother, stood patiently by with fast-waning *felicity*. A half hour later an odor of *pungently* burning dough arose in the kitchen, and quickly the child snatched her precious biscuits from a too-hot oven. The hard, round, thoroughly baked balls of dough bore a close resemblance to the solid rocks in the fish pool, and the *similitude* in taste to charcoal was *execrable*. However, undaunted by her first failure, never losing her *equanimity*, and still firmly believing in her own supposedly *potent* self, Patsy laughed heartily as her *rueful* mother hastily departed from the *aromatic* kitchen.

F. R., Tenth Grade

## PAPYRUS CLUB

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